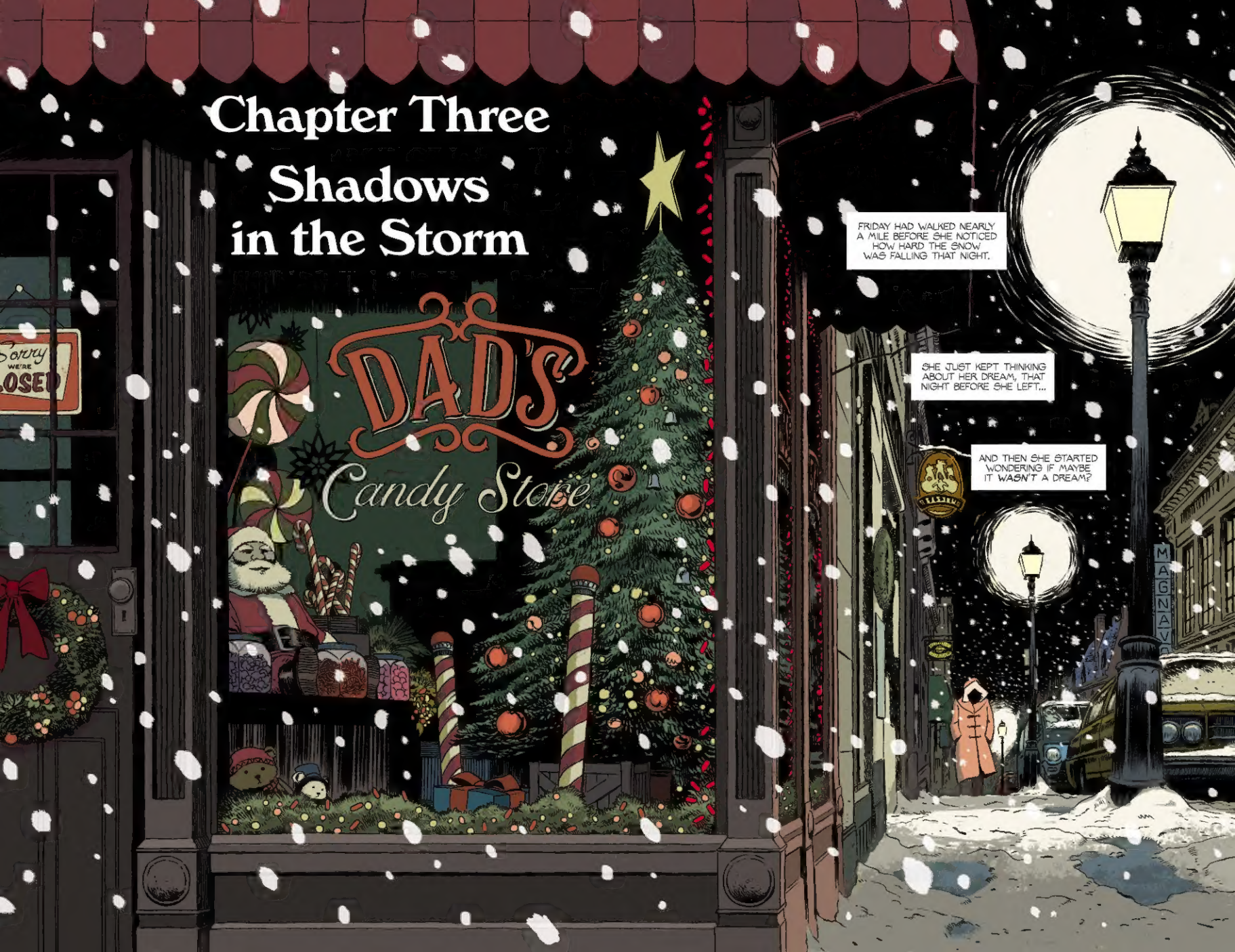
Friday

Ed Brubaker
Marcos Martin
Muntsa Vicente


Chapter Three
Shadows in the Storm
DAD'S
Candy Store
Sorry WE'RE CLOSED
FRIDAY HAD WALKED NEARLY A MILE BEFORE SHE NOTICED HOW HARD THE SNOW WAS FALLING THAT NIGHT.
SHE JUST KEPT THINKING ABOUT HER DREAM, THAT NIGHT BEFORE SHE LEFT...
AND THEN SHE STARTED WONDERING IF MAYBE IT WASN'T A DREAM?
MAGNAVC

COULD THAT BE POSSIBLE... THAT SHE REALLY SAW THE WHITE LADY?
AND LANCE SAVED HER?
DADS
Candy Store
SALE

EXCEPT, NO, THAT DIDN'T MAKE SENSE.
BECAUSE LANCE WOULD HAVE MENTIONED IT THE NEXT DAY, FOR SURE...
DADS

AND HE WOULD'VE RECOGNIZED WHAT WEASEL WAS SAYING ABOUT THE WHITE LADY.
DADS

NO... SOMETHING *WEIRD* WAS GOING ON...
DADS

HER DREAMS AND THE REAL WORLD WERE CRASHING INTO EACH OTHER...
SOMEHOW.
JESUS FUCKING CHRIST...
ARE WE HAVING A *BLIZZARD*?

FRIDAY HAD NEVER SEEN A STORM THIS BIG IN KINGS HILL.
SURE, THEY GOT SNOW EVERY YEAR, AND WINTER WENT ON ABOUT *TWO MONTHS* TOO LONG...
BUT IT RARELY FELT ANGRY.
THIS REMINDED HER OF THE STORMS FROM THE OLD DAYS, THE ONES SHE'D READ ABOUT IN THE LOCAL LEGENDS...

Many are the ships that litter the bottom of the Kings Bay...
For in times of old, the Queen of the Sea Maidens often raged on winter nights.
Her child had perished and for centuries she lived in mourning...
Punishing any ships that would dare interrupt her grief.
It was through her wrath in the winter of 1779, that the British were kept from the shores of Kings Hill.
The wind was said to be so powerful that it capsized their ships as the ice froze around them.
And perhaps that sacrifice was finally enough, for the Queen of the Sea Maidens has slept ever since.

AND YES, SHE KNOWS THAT LEGENDS ARE *LEGENDS*...
BUT ACCORDING TO THE TOWN ARCHIVES, THERE REALLY ARE *THREE BRITISH WARSHIPS* SUNK SOMEWHERE IN THE KINGS BAY.
THERE ARE TREASURE HUNTERS OUT THERE DIVING FOR THEM EVERY SUMMER.
FRENCH FRY!!

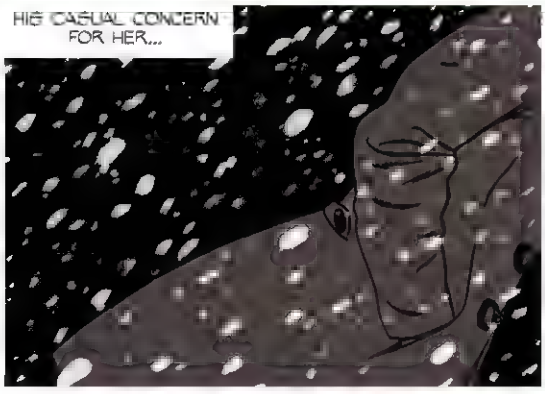
GOD DAMN IT!
WHERE ARE YOU?!
HEY FATHER POOLE...
OH, FRIDAY... I *THOUGHT* I SAW YOU BEFORE.
YEAH, I JUST GOT IN TONIGHT...
WHAT'S GOING ON WITH *FRENCH FRY?*
AHH... THIS *STORM'S* GOT HIM SPOOKED.
HE WOKE ME UP WHININ' TO GO OUT, THEN HE JUST RAN OFF...

YOU WANT ME TO HELP YOU FIND HIM?
NO. YOU SHOULD BE HEADING HOME, KIDDO...
IT'S A BAD ONE OUT HERE TONIGHT.
SWIG
CAN I HAVE A SIP OF THAT...?
??
HOW OLD ARE YOU NOW?
EIGHTEEN.
OKAY... BUT JUST A SIP...
IT'S SINGLE MALT.
NO ONE HAD EVER SEEN FATHER POOLE GIVE A SERMON, AS FAR AS FRIDAY KNEW...

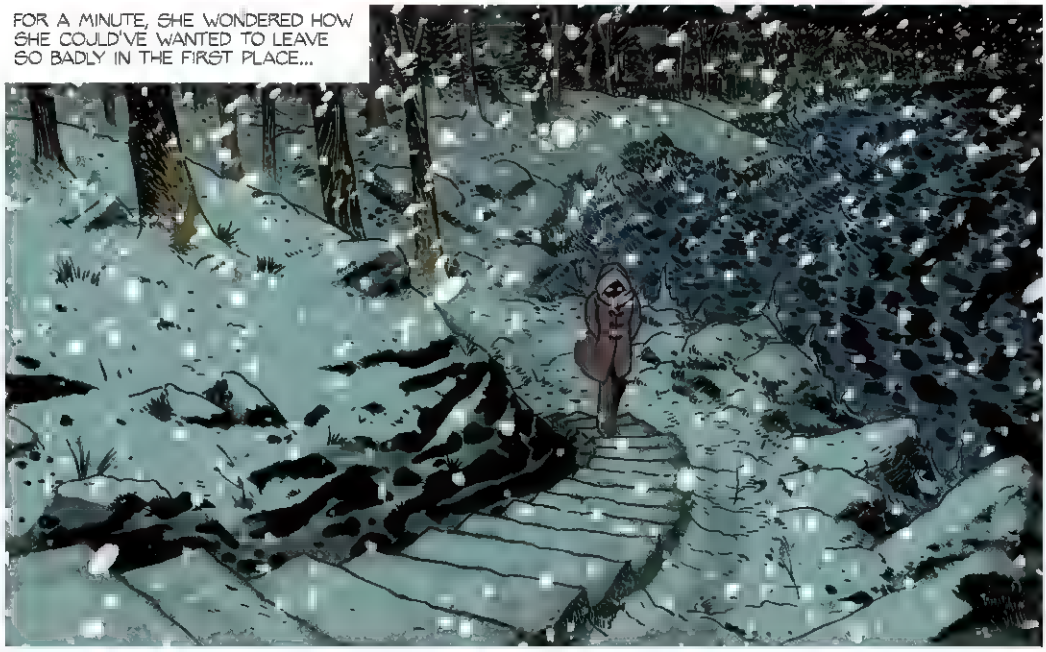
BUT HE'D BEEN AT THE CHURCH FOR DECADES, AND SEEMED TO KNOW *EVERYTHING* ABOUT KINGS HILL.
HEY FATHER... DOES "THE WHITE LADY" MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?
WHITE LADY?
HNNH... LEMME SEE...
THERE *WAS* AN OLD FOLK TALE ABOUT A DRYAD OR FAIRY OR SOMETHIN'...
LIKE IS THERE SOME LOCAL *LORE* I HAVEN'T *HEARD* OF...?
THINK IN *SOME* TRANSLATIONS SHE WAS CALLED THE *LADY OF LIGHT.*
WHAT DID SHE DO? IN THE *STORY*?
AHH, CHRIST... I DON'T REMEMBER...
MAYBE SHE BROUGHT THE SPRING RAIN...? SOMETHIN' LIKE THAT...?
WHY'RE YOU ASKIN'?
OH, JUST SOMETHING FROM ONE OF OUR CASES...
WARK WARKK

HEY- THERE HE IS!
FRENCH FRY!
...STUPID DOG... RUNNING OFF..
ALL RIGHT, I'M GETTIN' OUT OF THIS WEATHER...
AND YOU SHOULD BE, TOO.
I'LL BE AT LANCE'S IN FIVE MINUTES, FATHER.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME.
OKAY... BUT BE CAREFUL.
I DON'T WANT TO FIND YOU FROZEN OUT THERE TOMORROW.
YOU WON'T.
IT WAS RIGHT THEN FRIDAY REALIZED HOW MUCH SHE HAD MISSED KINGS HILL.

RUNNING INTO FATHER POOLE IN THE MIDDLE OF A SNOW STORM...


HIS CASUAL CONCERN FOR HER...

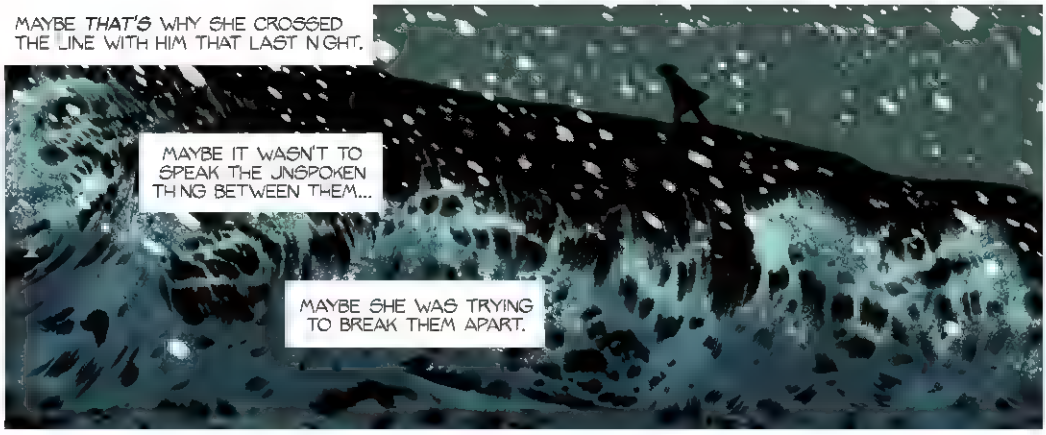
IT ALL FELT SO NORMAL AND FAMILIAR.


FOR A MINUTE, SHE WONDERED HOW SHE COULD'VE WANTED TO LEAVE SO BADLY IN THE FIRST PLACE...

BUT THEN SHE SAW THE *LIGHTHOUSE* WHERE LANCE AND HIS FATHER LIVED, AND IT ALL CAME BACK TO HER.

LANCE AND FRIDAY...
LANCE AND FRIDAY...
LANCE AND FRIDAY...

IT HAD STARTED TO FEEL LIKE A CAGE SHE WAS TRAPPED INSIDE OF AT SOME POINT.
LIKE SHE WASN'T SURE IF SHE COULD SURVIVE OUT IN THE REAL WORLD... WITHOUT HIS NAME GOING BEFORE HERS.


MAYBE *THAT'S* WHY SHE CROSSED THE LINE WITH HIM THAT LAST NIGHT.
MAYBE IT WASN'T TO SPEAK THE UNSPOKEN THING BETWEEN THEM...
MAYBE SHE WAS TRYING TO BREAK THEM APART.

AND YET HERE SHE WAS... MYSTERY IN MIND, TRUDGING OUT TO SEE LANCE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT.

AND FEELING LIKE *HERSELF* FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE SUMMER.

BEING A *PERSON* WAS SO FRUSTRATING AND STUPID SOMETIMES.

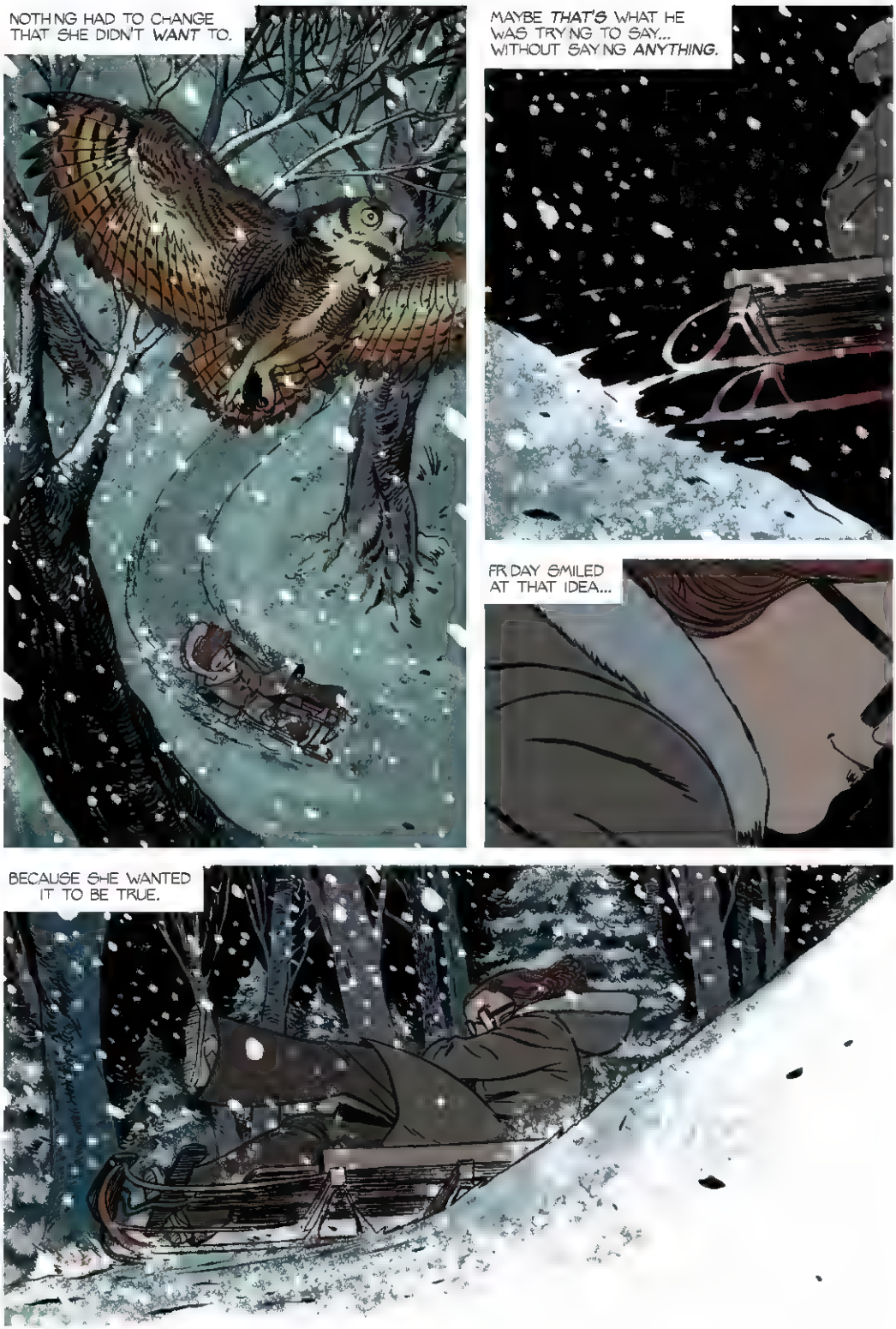
PAPP
HEY!!
PAPP
LANCE!!
HEY LANCE!
WHERE WAS HE?

HE WOULDN'T BE UP IN THE LIGHTHOUSE WITH HIS DAD.
NOT TONIGHT.
NO, HE'D HAVE HIS NOSE BURIED IN A BOOK RIGHT NOW, RESEARCHING.
GOD DAMN IT...
SHE WAS SURE OF THAT.
OH COME ON...

LANCE WENT OUT INTO THIS BLIZZARD, TOO?
...YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME.
WHY? WHAT WAS HIS BRAINSTORM?
MAYBE HIS RESEARCH WOULD GIVE HER A CLUE...
X-RAY
OR...
THAT PRESUMPTUOUS FUCKER. .
Friday
OF COURSE.
OF COURSE T COULDN'T BE EASY.
HE COULDN'T JUST BE HERE WAITING FOR HER...
Friday-
If you get this before the storm breaks, meet me at headquarters.
-Lance

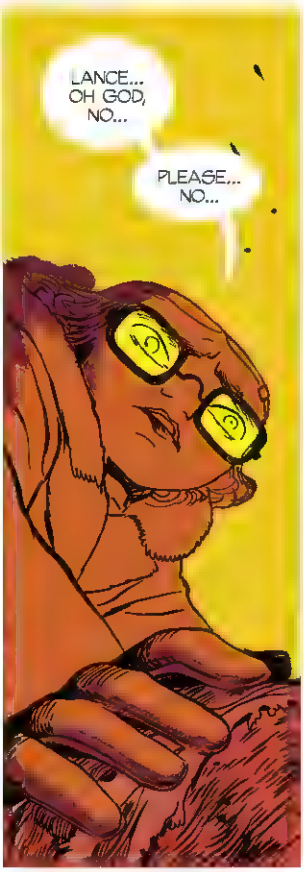
NO, HE HAD TO MAKE HER GO TO THE *TREE HOUSE*... BACK TO THE SCENE OF THEIR CRIME.
SO SHE GOT ALL OF *FIFTEEN MINUTES* TO FEEL NORMAL BEFORE SHE HAD TO START THINKING ABOUT IT AGAIN.
.. TELL ME THEY DIDN'T GET RID OF.. NO..
THERE YOU ARE.
BUT THEN SHE HAD *ANOTHER* THOUGHT...
MAYBE THIS WAS SOME KIND OF SIGN?
LIKE LANCE'S WAY OF TELLING HER EVERYTHING WAS *OKAY*.

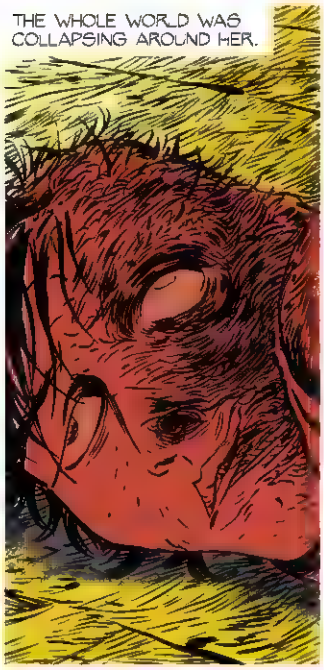
MAYBE *EVERYTHING* HE'D BEEN DOING WAS TO SHOW FRIDAY SHE *HADN'T* RUINED ANYTHING THAT NIGHT
THEY COULD STILL SOLVE A CASE...
THEY STILL HAD THEIR HEADQUARTERS.


NOTHING HAD TO CHANGE THAT SHE DIDN'T *WANT* TO.
MAYBE *THAT'S* WHAT HE WAS TRYING TO SAY... WITHOUT SAYING *ANYTHING*.
FRIDAY SMILED AT THAT IDEA...
BECAUSE SHE WANTED IT TO BE TRUE.

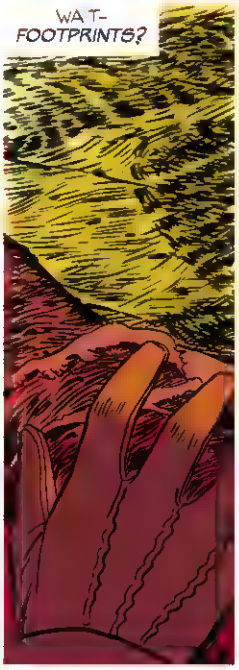
WHAT?
BUT IT DIDN'T MATTER...
NO...

BECAUSE SHE'D NEVER FIND OUT ANYWAY.
OH MY GOD.
LANCE!!
JUNE & FITZHUGH INVESTIGATIONS
LANCE--!!


LANCE... OH GOD, NO...
PLEASE... NO...

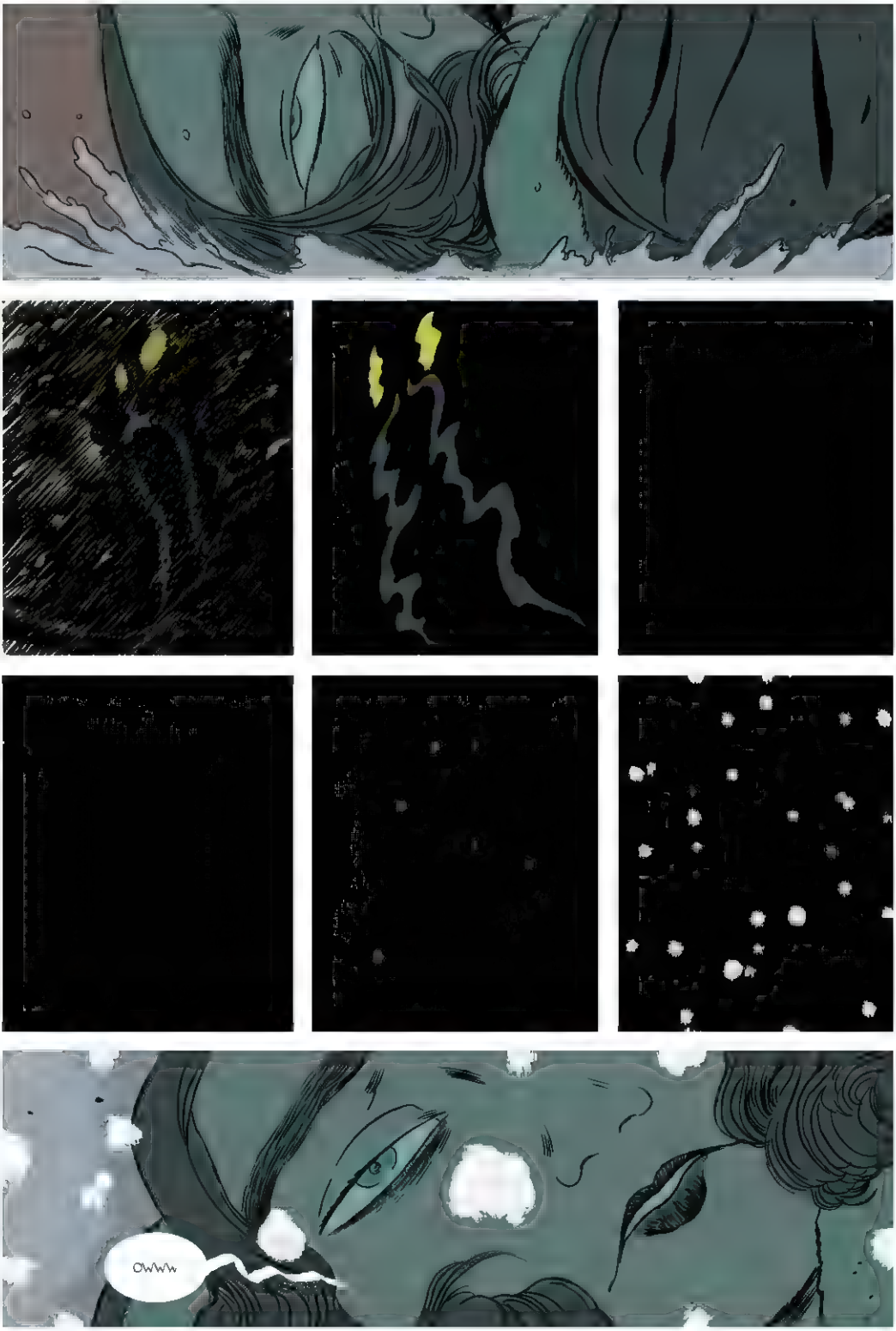

THE WHOLE WORLD WAS COLLAPSING AROUND HER.

HOW COULD THIS BE HAPPENING?


WAIT- FOOTPRINTS?

FUCK.

AND THEN SHE SEES IT...
?
SOMEONE WATCHING.
HEY--!
JUST LIKE THE G.R. IN THE TREES BEFORE.
HEY!!
STOP!!
UTT--!


OWWW

FUCK
SHE SEES TWO SETS OF FOOTPRINTS...
DISAPPEARING INTO THE SNOW.
BUT SHE'S TOO LATE NOW.
HOLY SHIT...

TOO LATE TO CATCH THEM...
TOO LATE TO SAVE LANCE...
TOO LATE FOR ALMOST EVERYTHING.
JONES
&
ITZ
VESTIGA

JESUS FUCKING CHRIST, LANCE...

WHAT DID THEY DO TO YOU?
End of Chapter Three

Thank God It's Friday

Instead of letters this time, I think I'll spare Marcos ten pages of translations and just write some behind the scenes stuff for you.

So, fun Friday Fact: The end of this issue was where I originally imaged chapter one ending. Instead, it's turned out to be the end of the first "act" of our story.

Maybe I was just ambitious, but I thought the first chapter would be about 24 pages and end with Lance's death. That was part of my original pitch to Marcos, even, I think. But as I wrote the beginning of the story, it became one of those things where the characters take over as you do it. And the town. I just knew that we had to know more about both Lance and Friday, and the town of Kings Hill before we got to this first climactic twist.

So I thought... okay, it'll be the end of chapter two, then.

But no. That chapter ended up having so much going on it ran nearly 40 pages. Thank god we're publishing this at our own pace and with no pre-decided page counts, I guess. Because one thing I really didn't want to get wrong here was the pacing and the tone. This is a story that wants to be really character-focused, and lead you through the world that Friday Fitzhugh lives in. Show you its corners and its interesting side characters. I mean, this chapter you just read (hopefully) is a perfect example, as the first half of it seems like a tour through the town.

Looking back now, I can't believe I thought by page 24 we'd get to what happened at the end of this chapter, which actually took more like 100-something pages. Hah. Make a plan, I guess, right?

But I've been truly loving every moment we get to spend with these characters and the city of Kings Hill and all the little details of it. Lots of which no one has even noticed yet. And I can't believe what an amazing job Marcos and Muntsa are doing making it all come to life. This book started as a strange dream of an idea, but every time a new batch of pages arrive, it becomes more and more real. And I still feel like we've barely scratched the surface. There's so much more to come, and so many other twists and turns. Like -- What about the girl in the trees in Chapter One? Have we forgotten that?

In the coming months, as we work on the next chapters, keep your eyes peeled for more news on FRIDAY, because we're working on some very cool plans. But I don't want to say what just yet.

Okay, that's all I've got for now. Here's one of Marcos's great sketches from the months he spent trying to get the town and the feel of the characters right.

And email us questions and comments to: FridayFitzhugh@gmail.com or send us your messages directly if/when you decide to make a payment, and next time we'll run some letters, too.

Thanks -

Ed
April 7th, 2021

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